

"I am the same that I was a moment ago".

Those
who live in this surface Time-self and
have not the
habit of drawing back inward towards the
immutable
or the capacity of dwelling in it, are even
incapable
of thinking of themselves apart from this
ever self-
modifying mental experience. That is for
them
their self and it is easy for them, if they
look with
detachment at its happenings, to agree
with the
conclusion of the Buddhist Nihilists that
this self
is in fact nothing but a stream of idea and
experi-
ence and mental action, the persistent
flame which
is yet never the same flame, and to
conclude that
there is no such thing as a real self, but
only a
flow of experience and behind it Nihil:
there is
experience of knowledge without a
Knower,
experience of being without an Existent;
there are
simply a number of elements, parts of a
flux without
a real whole, which combine to create the
illusion
of a Knower and Knowledge and the
Known, the
illusion of an Existent and existence and
the
experience of existence. Or they can
conclude that
Time is the only real existence and they
themselves
are its creatures. This conclusion of an
illusory
existent in a real or unreal world is as
inevitable to

this kind of withdrawal as is the opposite conclusion of a real Existence but an illusory world to the thinker who, dwelling on the immobile self, observes everything else as a mutable not-self; he comes eventually to regard the latter as the result of a deluding trick of consciousness.

But let us look a little at this surface
conscious-